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Miscellaneous.

**Speech of Senator Seward on the
Whale Fishery.**

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SEN-
ATE ON THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1852.

The bill to authorise an exploration and reconnoissance of the courses of navigation used by whalers in the regions of Behring's Straits, also of such parts of the China Seas, Straits of Gaspar and Java Sea, as lie directly in the route of vessels proceeding to and from China, was taken up.

Mr. Seward then delivered the following speech:

MR. PRESIDENT: Some years ago, when ascending the Alabama, I saw a stag plunge into the river and gallantly gain the western bank, while the desponding sportsman whose rifle he had escaped sat down to mourn his ill luck under the deep magnolia forest that shrouded the eastern shore. You, sir, are a dweller in that region, and are, as all the world knows, a gentleman of cultivated taste and liberal fortunes. Perhaps, then, you may have been that unfortunate hunter. Howsoever that may have been, I wish to converse with you now of the chase, and yet not of deer, or hawk, or hound, but of a chase upon the seas; and still

not of angling or trolling, nor of the busy toil of those worthy fishermen who seem likely to embroil us, certainly without reluctance on our part, in a controversy about their rights in the Bay of Fundy, but of a nobler sport and more adventurous sportsmen than Izaak Walton, or you, or Daniel Boone, or even Nimrod, the mightiest as well as the most ancient of hunters, ever dreamed of—the chase of the whale over his broad range of the universal ocean.

Do not hastily pronounce the subject out of order or unprofitable, or unworthy of this high presence. The Phœnicians, the earliest mercantile nation known to us, enriched themselves by selling the celebrated Tyrian dye, and glass made of sand taken from the sea; and they acquired not only these sources of wealth, but the art of navigation itself, in the practice of their humble calling as fishermen. A thousand years ago, King Alfred was laying the foundations of empire for Young England, as we are now doing for Young America.—The monarch whom men have justly surnamed the Wise as well as the Great, did not disdain to listen to Othello who related the adventures of a voyage along the coast of

Norway, "so far north as commonly the whale hunters used to travel; nor was the stranger suffered to depart until he had submitted to the King "a most just survey and description" of the Northern Seas, not only as they extended upwards to the North Cape, but also as they declined downwards along the southeast coast of Lapland, and so following the icy beach of Russia to where the river Dwina discharged its waters into the White Sea, or, as it was then called, the Sea of Archangel. Perhaps my poor speech may end in some similar lesson.

The incident I have related is the burthen of the earliest historical notice of the subjugation of the monster of the seas to the uses of man. The fishery was carried on then, and near six hundred years afterwards, by the Basques, Biscayans and Norwegians, for the food yielded by the tongue and the oil obtained from the fat of the animal. Whalebone entered into commerce in the fifteenth century, and at first commanded the enormous price of seven hundred pounds sterling per ton, exceeding a value in this age of ten thousand dollars. Those were merry times, if not for science, at least for royalty, when, although the material for stays and hoops was taken from the mouth, the law appropriated the tail of every whale taken by an English subject, to the use of the Queen, for the supply of the royal wardrobe.

In 1486 the Portuguese reached the Cape of Storms, and, in happy augury of an ultimate passage to India, changed its ill-omened name to that of "Good Hope;" and immediately thereafter the States of Europe, especially England and Holland, began that series of voyages, not even yet ended, in search of a passage to the east through the floating fields and mountains of ice in the Arctic Ocean. The unsuccessful search disclosed the refuge of the whales in the bays and creeks of Spitzbergen. In 1575 a London merchant wrote to a foreign correspondent for advice and direction as to the course of killing a whale, and received instructions how to build and equip a vessel of two hundred tons, and to man it exclusively with experienced whale hunters of Biscay. The attraction of do-

minion was stronger in that age than the lust of profit. The English now claimed Spitzbergen and all its surrounding ice and waters, by discovery. The Dutch, with truth, alleged an earlier exploration, while the Danes claimed the whole region as a part of Greenland, a pretension that could not then be disproved; and all these parties sent armed forces upon the fishing grounds, less to protect their few fishermen than to establish exclusive rights there. After some fifty years these nations discovered, first, that it was absurd to claim jurisdiction where no permanent possession could ever be established by reason of the rigors of climate; and secondly, that there were fish enough and room enough for all competitors. Thenceforward, the whale fishery in the Arctic Ocean has been free to all nations.

The Dutch perfected the harpoon, the reel, the line, and the spear, as well as the art of using them. And they established, also, the system which we have since found indispensable, of rewarding all the officers and crews employed in the fishery, not, with direct wages or salaries, but with shares in the spoils of the game, proportioned to skill and experience. Combining with these advantages of favorable position, and of frugality and perseverance quite proverbial, the Dutch even founded a fishing settlement called Smeerenburgh, on the coast of Spitzbergen, within eleven degrees of the North Pole, and they took whales in its vicinity in such abundance that ships were needed to go out in ballast to carry home the surplus oil and bone above the capacity of the whaling vessels. The whales thus originally attacked, again change their lurking place, Spitzbergen was abandoned by the fishermen, and the very site of Smeerenburgh is now unknown. In the year 1496, Sebastian Cabot, in the spirit of that age, seeking a north-western passage to the Indies, gave to the world the discovery of Prima Vista, or, as we call it, Newfoundland, and the Basques, Biscayans, and Dutch and English immediately thereafter commenced the chase of whales in the waters surrounding it.

Scarcely had the Colonists of Mas-

sachusetts planted themselves at Plymouth, before the sterility of the soil and rigor of the climate forced them to resort to the sea to eke out their subsistence. Pursuing the whales out from their own bays, in vessels of only forty tons burthen, they appeared on the fishing ground off Newfoundland in the year 1690. Profiting by nearness of position and economy in building and equipping ships, and sharing also in the bounties with which England was then stimulating the whale fishery, they soon excelled all their rivals on the Newfoundland waters, as well as in Baffin's Bay and off the coast of Greenland. Thus encouraged, they ran down the coasts of America and Africa, and in the waters rolling between them they discovered the black whale, a new and inferior species, yet worthy of capture; and then stretching off toward the South Pole, they found still another species, the sperm whale, whose oil is still preferred above all others; and thus they enlarged the whale fishery for the benefit of the world, which since that time has distinguished the two branches of that enterprise geographically by the designation of the Northern and Southern fisheries. In 1775 the fisheries were carried on by the Americans, the English, the Dutch, and the French. The French only employed a small fleet, the Dutch a larger one of 127 sail. The English had only 96 ships, while the Americans had 132 vessels in the Southern fishery, and 177 in the Northern fishery, manned with 4000 persons, and bringing in oil and whalebone of the value of one million one hundred and eleven thousand dollars. This precociousness of American naval enterprise elicited from Burke, in his great speech for conciliation to the colonies, a tribute familiar to our countrymen, and perhaps the most glowing passage that even the great orator ever wrote or spoke:

"Look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery.—Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them be-

neath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold—that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and remantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the Equatorial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles.—We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No ocean but what is vexed with their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this perilous mode of hardy enterprise to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still as it were, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."

But Britain did not conciliate. The revolution went on, and the American whale fishery perished, leaving not one vessel on either fishing ground.

Yet it is curious, Mr. President, to mark the elasticity of our countrymen in this, their favorite enterprise. A provisional treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was concluded on the 30th of November, 1782. "On the 3rd of February, 1783," (I read from an English paper of that period) "the ship Bedford, Capt. Moores, belonging to Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs. She passed Gravesend on the 4th, and on the 6th was reported at the Custom House in London. She was not allowed regular entry until after some consultation between the Commissioners of Customs and the Lords of the Council, on account of the many acts of Parliament yet in force against the rebels of America. She was loaded with 587 barrels of whale oil, and manned wholly with American seamen, and belonged to the Island of Nantucket. The vessel lay at the Horsley-Downs, a little below the Tow-

er, and was the first which displayed the thirteen stripes of America in any British port."

Nevertheless the lost vantage ground was not easily nor speedily regained. The effort was made against protection against exclusion in foreign markets, and against bounties by the English government equivalent to forty dollars per man employed, or fifty per cent. on the value of cargo obtained—bounties not occasionally nor irregularly offered, but continued from 1750 to 1820, and amounting in the aggregate to three millions of pounds sterling. Nor was this all. These bounties, enhanced with additional inducements, were offered to the Nantucket fishermen, on condition of their abandoning their country, and becoming inhabitants of the adjacent British Colonies, or of the British Islands. It seemed, indeed, that a crisis in this great national interest had come. Happily there was, on the French side of the channel, at least, one unwearied friend of America, as there were many watchful enemies of England. Lafayette wrote several letters to Boston, and arrested an emigraton from Nantucket to the British Colonies and Islands, already on the eve of embarkation, and then addressed himself to the French Monarch and his Court. France saw at once the danger of a transfer of so great a number of seamen, together with the very secret, art and mystery of whale hunting, to her hereditary and relentless enemy. The good but ill-fated Louis XVI. equipped six whaling vessels, with American harpooners, on his own account, and offered a bounty of nine dollars per man, payable by the Royal Treasury, to every American fishermen who should emigrate to France. In a whole year, only nine families, containing thirty-three persons, accepted this offer; and therefore the King, in compliance with Lafayette's first advice, adopted the expedient of discriminating in favor of American cargoes of oil and whalebone in the French market.

The American whale fishery began to revive, and in 1787, 1788, and 1789, it employed an average of 122 vessels. But it still labored under the pressure of competition, stimulated by bounties

both in England and France. In 1790, the Great and General Council of Massachusetts appealed to Congress for protection to this great interest of that Commonwealth. Mr. Jefferson, the Secretary of State, submitted an elaborate reply, which, while it was liberal in its spirit, nevertheless closed with the declaration, that "the whale fishery was a branch of industry so poor as to come to nothing with distant nations who did not support it from their treasures—that our position placed our fishing on ground somewhat higher, such as to relieve the National Treasury from giving it support, but not to permit it to derive support from the fishery, nor relieve the Government from the obligation to provide free markets for the productions of the fishery if possible.

The enterprise had not yet languished into life, when the French revolution of 1789 occurred, which involved Europe, and ultimately the United States, in wars that swept the latter, as well as the French and Dutch, from all the fisheries, and left them in the exclusive enjoyment of Britain, who achieved in those wars her now established pre-eminence as the conqueror of the seas. At their close the British had 146 vessels in the Northern whaling ground, which captured no less than 1330 whales, and thus obtained 13,590 tons of oil, and 438 tons of whalebone; and 56 ships in the Southern whale fishery equally successful. The Americans now re-entered the game, and the tables were speedily—and as we think, permanently—turned in their favor. In 1824 the British became discouraged and withdrew their bounties and in 1842 they had no more than 18 vessels in the North fishery, which captured only 24 whales.—The Southern fishery declined still more rapidly; so that in 1845, not one British whaler appeared in the South seas. Since that time, all nations have virtually abandoned this 'hardy form of perilous industry' in favor of the Americans.

The entire whaling fleet of the world in 1847, consisted of about 900 vessels, 40 of which belonged to France, 20 to Bremen and other ports in Northern Europe, 20 to New Holland and

other British Polynesian Colonies, and all others, more than 800 in number, with a tonnage of 240,000 tons, belonged to the United States. The capital thus employed exceeded twenty millions of dollars, and the annual productions of the fisheries amounted to thirteen millions of dollars. With the decline of this enterprise in Great Britain, her commercial writers began to discountenance whale fishing altogether; and while they now represent it as a mere gambling adventure, they endeavor to stimulate the people of Continental Europe to substitute vegetable oils for those procured in the seas.

Mr. President, pray consider the cost, time, dangers, and hazard of the whale fishery. Each vessel, with its outfit, is worth \$30,000, and carries thirty able-bodied seamen, and is afloat on a single voyage, one or two, perhaps three years. It finds the whale always above the sixtieth degree of latitude, and can remain there only during the brief polar summer of three months. The whole time may elapse without a whale being seen.—When discovered, every stage of his capture is toilsome, and attended with multiplied dangers to the assailants, increased by the shoals, the ice, the storms and the fogs, which protect the animal against his pursuers. The statistics are absolutely frightful to a landsman or a common seamen. In 1819, of sixty-three British ships sent to Davis Straits, ten were lost. In 1821, out of sixty-nine, eleven were lost. Of eighty-seven ships that sailed for Davis Straits in 1830, no less than eighteen were lost, twenty-four returned *clean*, while not one of the remainder had a full cargo, and one or two *half-fished*.

Pray consider, now, sir, that the great triumph of the American fishermen was achieved, and is still sustained, not only without aid from the government, but practically also without aid from the capital or enterprise of general commerce, and, indeed, to quote the nervous language of Jefferson, "with no auxiliaries but poverty and rigorous economy." The whaling

fleet of the United States, in 1846, consisted of seven hundred and thirty seven vessels. Of the thirty States, only five, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York were represented; and all of them except New York, are the States least blessed in fertility and climate. New Hampshire, having only a single port, sent out only one vessel. Rhode Island, one of the three most diminutive States, equipped fifty-two. Connecticut, a small State sent out one hundred and twenty-four. New York, with her extended territory, vast wealth, and stupendous commercial establishments, sent only eighty-five; and all the rest proceeded from that State, inferior to many others in extent, wealth and commerce, but superior to them all in intellectual and social development—Massachusetts.

Wealth does nothing, patronage does nothing, while vigor does everything for the whale fishery. In Great Britain, London resigned it in favor of those poor and obsolete towns, Hull in England, and Peterhead in Scotland, as soon as the Government bounties ceased. So of the eighty-five vessels which in 1846 represented New York in the fishery, only one went up from the port of New York, the commercial capital of the State and of the continent, while no less than eight proceeded from Cold Spring, a mere nook in the mountains which crowd toward each other just above the city, as if to prevent the waters of the Hudson from their destined meeting with the tides of the ocean.

All the others were sent forth from New Suffolk, Greenport and Sag Harbor, inconsiderable villages or hamlets on the outward coast of Long Island. Massachusetts exhibits the same case. Boston finds more lucrative employment for her capital in spindles, in railroads, and even in her fields of ice and quarries of granite; and so leaves the profits and toils of the whale fishery to Freetown, Falmouth, Sippican, Wareham, Plymouth, Holmes's Hole, Fall River, Provincetown, Fairhaven, New Bedford and Nantucket, towns which, but for their pursuit of the whale fishery, would scarcely have been honored with designation on the

chart or names in the gazetteer. Most wondrous of all, Nantucket is a sandy island, fifteen miles long and three miles broad, capable of maintaining, by agriculture, only one hundred persons, and yet it was the cradle of the whale fishery; and neither any town in America nor in England, nor even in France, has ever successfully established or at all maintained the whale fishery, without drawing, not merely its knowledge of whale hunting, but the officers and crews of its vessels, chiefly from that sandy shoal thus rising above the surface of the sea.

Need I dwell here on the whale fishery as a source of national wealth and an element of national force and strength? The number of those who are actively afloat in the pursuit, ranges from 15,000 to 20,000, while twenty times that greatest number of persons are indirectly engaged in the culture of hemp and the manufacture of cordage, the building of ships, furnishing their supplies, manufacturing and preparing the oil and whalebone, and sending them to market, and in the various other occupations incidentally connected with the trade. The wealth thus acquired leaves all the resources of the country untouched. Dr. Franklin cheered the fishermen of his day with the apothegm that whosoever took a fish out of the sea always found a piece of silver in his mouth; and our experience has confirmed its truth, although it is now rejected by the commercial writers of England.

We are the second in rank among commercial nations. Our superiority over so many results from our greater skill in ship-building and our greater dexterity in navigation, and our greater frugality at sea. These elements were developed in the fisheries, and especially in the northern fishery. We think that we are inferior to no nation in naval warfare. The seamen who have won our brilliant victories on the ocean and on the lakes, were trained and disciplined in this, the severest of all marine service; and our naval historians agree that it constituted the elementary school of all our nautical science. What, then, would compensate us for the loss or for the decline of the whale fishery.

Mr. President, I have tried to win

the favor of the Senate toward the national whale fishery for a purpose. The whales have found a new retreat in the seas of Ochotsk and Anadir, south of Behring Straits, and in that part of the Arctic Ocean lying north of them. In 1848 Captain Roys, in the whale-ship *Superior*, passed through those seas, and through the straits, braving the perils of an unknown way, and an inhospitable climate. He filled his ship in a few weeks, and the news of his success went abroad. In 1849 a fleet of 154 sail went up to this new fishing ground; in 1850, a fleet of 144; and in 1851, a fleet of 145. The vessels are manned with 30 persons each; and their value, including that of the average annual cargoes procured there, is equal to nine millions—and thus exceeds, by near two millions, the highest annual import from China. But these fleets are beset by not only such dangers of their calling as customarily occur on well explored fishing grounds, but also by the multiplied dangers of shipwreck resulting from the want of accurate topographical knowledge—the only charts of those seas being imperfect and unsatisfactory.

While many and deplorable losses were sustained by the fleets of 1849–50, we have already information of the loss of eleven vessels, one-thirtieth part of the whole fleet of 1851, many of which disasters might have been avoided had there been charts, accurately indicating the shoals and headlands, and also places of sheltered anchorage near them. These facts are represented to us by the merchants, ship owners, and underwriters, and are confirmed by Lieut. Maury, who presides in this department of science in the navy as well as in the labors and studies of the National Observatory. We want then, not bounties nor protection, nor even an accurate survey, but simply an exploration and reconnaissance of those seas, which have so recently become the theatre of profitable adventure and brave achievement of our whale hunters. This service can be performed by officers and crews now belonging to the navy, in two or three vessels which already belong or may be added to it, and would continue, at most, only throughout two or three

years. Happily the measure involves nothing new, untried or uncommon.

To say nothing of our recent search for the lamented Sir John Franklin, nor of our great exploring expedition under Captain Wilkes, we are already engaged in triangulating a coast survey of the Atlantic shore. Charts, light-houses, and beacons show the pilot his way, not only over that ocean and among its islands, but along our rivers, and even upon our inland lakes. The absence of similar guides and beacons in the waters now in question results from the fact that the Pacific coast has but recently fallen under our sway, and Behring's Straits and the seas they connect, have not, until now, been frequently navigated by the seamen of any nation. Certainly somebody must do this service. But who will? The whalers cannot. No foreign nation will, for none is interested. The constitutional power rests with the Federal Government, and its means are adequate.

California is near the fishing ground. Her enterprising citizens are already engaged in this pursuit, and hence-forward the whale hunters of Nantucket must compete with a new rival, possessing the advantage of nearness to the scenes of their labors. California, therefore, joins Massachusetts in this reasonable demand.

Mr. President, the small exploring fleet thus proposed would be obliged to quit the Northern Seas early in Sept. and could not return to them until the succeeding June. I propose that it should spend that long season in performing a service not dissimilar, under milder skies, in that part of the Pacific ocean and its adjoining seas which is usually traversed by vessels sailing from New York and San Francisco to China and the Indies. Remember, if you please, that not only has no Asiatic prince, merchant or navigator ever explored this one of all the oceans, the broadest and most crowded, and crowned with islands, but that they have forbidden that exploration by European navigators, who have performed whatever has been done, at the peril, and often at the cost of imprisonment and death. We have made no accurate survey, for we have only just

now arrived and taken our stand on the Pacific coast. We are new on that ocean—nay, we are only as of yesterday upon this continent; and yet maps and charts are as necessary to the seafaring man on that ocean as on any other; and just as necessary on every ocean as monuments and guides are to him who traverses deserts of sand or wastes of trackless snow.

Lieutenant Maury informs us that every navigator of those waters is painfully impressed with a sense of surrounding dangers—they exist, and yet the only charts that have been made fail to indicate in what forms and in what places they will appear. So imperfect is our topographical information that a large island, called Ousima, supposed to be thickly inhabited and highly cultivated, lies in the fair way to China, and yet no vessel has ever touched or gone around it. It would repay ten-fold the cost of the whole exploration if we should find on that island a good harbor and a friendly people.* Horsburg's charts of these passages are the best; but these are of old dates, and although they have been corrected from time to time, yet they are very imperfect. The shoals in the China sea, the sea of Japan, and the straits of Gaspar, are represented to us by navigators as being formed of coral, a mixture of animal and vegetable organization, and therefore rapidly increasing in magnitude as they approach near to the surface of the waters. It is particularly necessary to explore and note the shoals and islands lying between the coast of Palawan, on the China sea, and that of Cochin China, and also the shoals in the vicinity of West London, Prince of Wales, and Paulo Sapata islands. The perils existing there oblige ships going up and coming down through these seas against the monsoons to beat at disadvantage, while an exploration would probably disclose eddies and currents which would allow of straight courses where now no one dare pursue them. Clemant's Strait and the Camaratta Passage are filled with the same dangers.

* With in the last year the Memnon, an American Ship, valued, with her cargo, at \$500,000, was lost in the Straits of Gaspar.

Again the great outlet from the China sea into the Pacific Ocean by the Bahee, and adjacent passages between the islands of Luconia and the coast of China and Formosa, need to be surveyed, although the islands are generally well designated on the maps. Then proceeding northwardly, a regard to the safety of the whalemén demands that the islands between the coasts of China and Japan, and from them to the Loo Choo islands, and so on to the Russian Possessions, and along them eastwardly to Bhering Straits, should be surveyed. The last attempt to perform that duty was made by a small Russian fleet, which was captured and destroyed, while its officers and crew were imprisoned by the Japanese. Lastly, as we advance eastwardly in the very track pursued by our whalers and Chinamen, we encounter islands, and many shoals imperfectly defined, and especially the Bonin Islands; while prudence requires a careful reconnaissance also of the Fox Islands, which, although lying somewhat northwardly of the passage, might, if well known, afford shelter in case of inclement weather. This reconnaissance in a temperate latitude is demanded by the merchants, under-writers and navigators in all our Atlantic, as well as in our two Pacific ports, and the argument for it rests on the same foundation with that which supports the proposition for the more northwardly exploration.

Sir, have you looked recently at the China trade? It reaches already seven millions in value annually. Have you watched the California trade? Its export of bullion alone already exceeds fifty millions of dollars annually, and as yet the mineral development of that State has only begun. The settlement of the Pacific coast is in a state of sheer infancy. There is, speaking relatively, neither capital nor labor there adequate to exhibit the forces of industry that might be employed in that wonderful region. Nor is California yet conveniently accessible. The railway across Panama is not yet completed. The passage through Nicaragua is not perfect; that which leads through Tehuantepec is not begun; nor have we yet extended, even

so far as the Mississippi, the most important and necessary one of them all, the railroad across our own country to San Francisco. The emigrant to the Atlantic coast arrives speedily and cheaply, from whatever quarter of the world; while he who would seek the Pacific shore, encounters charges and delays which few can sustain. Nevertheless, the commercial, social, political movements of the world are now in the direction of California. Separated as it is from us by foreign lands, or more impassable mountains, we are establishing there a custom house, a mint, a dry dock, Indian agencies, and ordinary and extraordinary tribunals of justice. Without waiting for perfect or safe channels, a strong and steady stream of emigration flows thither from every State and every district eastward of the Rocky Mountains. Similar torrents of emigration are pouring into California and Australia from the South American States, from Europe and from Asia.

This movement is not a sudden, or accidental, or irregular or convulsive one; but it is one for which men and Nature have been preparing through near four-hundred years. During all that time merchants and princes have been seeking how they could reach cheaply and expeditiously, "Cathay," "China" "the East," that intercourse and commerce might be established between its ancient nations and the newer ones of the west. To these objects De Gama, Columbus, Americus, Cabot, Hudson, and other navigators, devoted their talents, their labors, and their lives. Even the discovery of this continent and its islands, and the organization of society and government upon them, grand and important as these events have been, were but conditional, preliminary and auxiliary to the more sublime result, now in the act of consummation—the reunion of the two civilizations, which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and travelling ever afterwards in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the Pacific ocean. Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance

has ever occurred upon the earth. It will be followed by the equalization of the condition of society and the restoration of the unity of the human family.

We see plainly enough why this event could not have come before, and why it has come now. A certain amount of human freedom, a certain amount of human intelligence, a certain extent of human control over the physical obstacles to such a re-union, were necessary. All the conditions have happened and concurred. Liberty has developed under improved forms of government, and science has subjected nature in western Europe and in America. Navigation, improved by steam, enables men to outstrip the winds, and intelligence conveyed by electricity excels in velocity the light. With these favoring circumstances there has come also a sudden abundance of gold, that largely relieves labor from its long subjection to realized capital. Sir, this movement is no delusion. It will no more stop than the emigration from Europe to our own Atlantic shores has stopped, or can stop, while labor is worth there twenty cents, and here fifty cents a day. Emigration from China cannot while labor is worth in California five dollars a day and in the West Indies ten dollars a month, and yet is worth in China only five dollars for that period. Accordingly, we have seen sixty-seven ships filled, in three months of the present year, with 17,000 emigrants in the ports of Hong Kong, Macao, and Whampoa, and afterwards discharge them on the shores of California, and of Cuba, and other islands of the West Indies.

Sir, have you considered the basis of this movement, that this country and Australia are capable of sustaining, and need for their development five hundred millions, while their population is confined to fifty millions, and yet that Asia has two hundred millions of excess? As for those who doubt that this great movement will quicken activity and create wealth and power in California and Oregon, I leave them to consider what changes the movements, similar in nature, but inferior in force and slower in effect, have produced already on the Atlantic coast

of America. As to those who cannot see how this movement will improve the condition of Asia, I leave them to reflect upon the improvements in the condition of Europe since the discovery and colonization of America. Who does not see, then, that every year hereafter, European commerce, European politics, European thoughts, and European activity, although actually gaining greater force—and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate—will nevertheless ultimately sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter? Who does not see that this movement must effect our own complete emancipation from what remains of European influence and prejudice and in turn develop the American opinion and influence which shall remould constitutional laws and customs in the land that is first greeted by the rising sun? Sir, although I am no Socialist, no dreamer of a suddenly-coming millenium, I nevertheless cannot reject the hope that Peace is now to have her sway, and that as War has hitherto debased and saddened the Atlantic world, the better passions of mankind will soon have their development in the new theatre of human activity.

Commerce is the great agent of this movement.—Whatever nation shall put that commerce into full employment, and shall conduct it steadily with adequate expansion, will become necessarily the greatest of existing States; greater than any that has ever existed. Sir, you will claim that responsibility and that high destiny for our own country. Are you so sure that by assuming the one she will gain the other? They imply nothing less than universal commerce and the supremacy of the seas. We are second to England, indeed, but, nevertheless how far are we behind her in commerce and in extent of empire!

I pray to know where you will go that you will not meet the flag of England fixed, planted, rooted into the very earth? If you go northward, it waves over half of this continent of North America, which we call our

own. If you go southward, it greets you on the Bermudas, the Bahamas, and the Carribee Islands. On the Falkland Islands it guards the Straits of Magellen; on the South Shetland Island it watches the passage round the Horn; and at Adelaide Island it warns you that you have reached the Antarctic Circle. When you ascend along the southwestern coast of America, it is seen at Gallipagos, overlooking the Isthmus of Panama; and having saluted it there, and at Vancouver, you only take leave of it in the far Northwest, when you are entering the Arctic Ocean. If you visit Africa, you find the same victorious cross guarding the coast of Gambier and Sierra Leone and St. Helena. It watches you at Cape Town as you pass into the Indian Ocean; while on the northern passage to that vast sea it demands your recognition from Gibraltar as you enter the Mediterranean; from Malta, when you pass through the Sicilian Straits. On the Ionian Islands it waves in protection of Turkey; and at Aden it guards the passage from the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean. Wherever western commerce has gained an entrance to the Continent of Asia, there that flag is seen waving over subjugated millions—at Bombay, at Ceylon, at Singapore, at Calcutta, at Lahore, and at Hong Kong; while Australia and nearly all the Islands of Polynesia acknowledge its protection.

Sir, I need not tell you that wherever that flag waves, it is supported and cheered by the martial airs of England. But I care not for that. The sword is not the most winning messenger that can be sent a broad; and commerce, like power, upheld by armies and navies, may in time be found to cost too much. But what is to be regarded with more concern is, that England employs the steam engine even more vigorously and more universally than her military force. Steam engines, punctually departing and arriving between every one of her various possessions and her island seat of power, bring in the raw material for every manufacture and supplies for every want. The steam engine plies incessantly there, day and night, con-

verting these materials into fabrics of every variety, for the use of man. And again, the steam engine forever and without rest moves over the face of the deep, not only distributing these fabrics to every part of the globe, but disseminating also the thoughts, the principles, the language and religion of England. Sir, we are bold indeed to dare competition with such a power. Nevertheless, the resources for it are adequate. We have coal and iron no less than she, while corn, timber, cattle, hemp, wool, cotton, silk, oil, sugar, and the grape, quicksilver, lead, copper, silver, and gold are all found within our own broad domain in in exhaustible profusion. What energies we have already expended prove that we have in reserve all that are needful. What inventions we have made prove our equality to any exigency. Our capital increases, while labor scarcely knows the burthen of taxation. Our Panama route to China has a decided advantage over that of the Isthmus of Suez, and at the same time vessels leaving that country and coming round the Horn, will reach New York always at least five days sooner than vessels of equal speed can double the Cape of Good Hope and make the port of Liverpool.

Mr. President, we now see how conspicuous a part in the great movement of the age California and Oregon are to sustain, and that, as yet, they are separated from us and isolated. They will adhere to us only so long as our Government is conducted, not for our benefit, but for their own. Their loyalty is great, but it cannot exceed that of the thirteen ancient American colonies to Great Britain; and yet the neglect and oppression of their commerce undermined that loyalty, and resulted in their independence. I hear often of dangers to the Union, and see lines of threatened separation drawn by passionate men or alarmists, on parallels of latitude; but in my judgment there is only one danger of severance, and that is involved in the possibility of criminal neglect of the new communities on the Pacific coast, while the summits of the Rocky Mountains, or of the Sierra Nevada, mark the only possible line of dismemberment.

Against that danger I would guard as against the worst calamity that could befall, not only my country, at her most auspicious stage of progress, but mankind, also, in the hour of their brightest hopes. I would guard against it by practising impartial justice toward the new and remote States and Territories, whose political power is small, while their wants are great, and by pursuing, at the same time, with liberality and constancy, the lofty course of an aspiring yet generous and humane national ambition.

After concluding his speech, Mr. Seward offered an amendment, and then the bill was postponed.

The Sailor's Widow.

Such an one appeared a few months since with her little orphan daughter in her arms, at an office in a busy part of this great city. A stranger in this land, so recently from heroic Scotland, that a second thought was often necessary to decipher the meaning of her words pronounced in broad Scotch.

Her form was delicate and slender. Her mien modest and retiring. Her countenance somewhat sickly and sad. Her story was simple and truthful; and altogether she was unlike those to whom begging is a trade. About a year since she had accompanied her husband to this land. He had placed her and her two children in a comfortable, rented room, in one of those swarming buildings designed as tenements for the poor; and by his daily labor in one of our ship yards was giving a comfortable support to his then happy little family. But soon how changed! A falling timber had crushed him; he was borne to the Hospital, they had watched over him till he died. She was a widow, her children orphans and their sustenance taken away. Such is the substance of her simple story. I ventured to tell her of the Half Orphan Asylum for Sailor's children, and of service in some good family; but I almost wished I had not. The fountains of her maternal heart were stirred, more deep more sensitive since widowed. For a moment, not a word, but a tear came to her relief. "I would rather keep the dear little

bairns with me, my only comfort *noo*; If I could only find something to do to support them." The feeling was too sacred to be tampered with. I remembered the last dying look of my own departed ones and said no more. Some present aid was, granted and she was directed to the Mariner's Industrial Society for work, and a committee to examine more fully her case.

This is a day, and a land of charities, and charitable institutions, and most of the good people in this bustling city are too busy to give alms even, but by proxy, and so we deprive ourselves of the duty, the labor and the luxury of looking after the poor, the widow, and the fatherless; and often thrown it on to the private resources of the officers of these institutions.

THE ORPHAN.

A few months had passed away, and with them, the memory of the Sailor's widow; when a small slender form appeared in the same office, with a countenance somewhat haggard, care worn and deeply marked with sorrow. "I am *obliged* to come *agin*," said she in a suppressed tone, "you told me to come *agin* if I was in trouble." "O, then you have been here before?" not at first recollecting her. I am the *weedow* of the sailor that *deed* in the Hospital, a few months gone by," "O yes I recollect you." "That little *bairn*, the *wee* one I had in my arms when I was here before, it was a fat and healthy thing then, the best of the two, it was a dear *child*."

She has fallen sick with the measles and when a little better, she took *fiets*, the Doctor says it is dropsy on the brain. "What can we do for you, what do you need?" "I canna get work, and if I could, I canna do it *noo*, as I must be over the *chield* night and day, and I have become very destitute in the *hoose*." A little present aid was granted; and this time a visit to that house of sorrow, to enquire further into the case. It was an upper room in one of those large hives that contain so many families, paying high rents monthly in advance for their apartments. To the credit of our landlords be it said, however; this even is a very great improvement on the old subter-

ranean tenements of the poor. The room was comfortable and airy, serving the purpose of kitchen, wash room, dining room, and parlor, and comfortably furnished.

Adjoining it was the little bed room in which lay the emaciated, half-conscious, feverish, now moaning, now spasmodic, sailor's dying orphan.

"You need the consolations of religion in your afflictions, I trust you have them?"

"My only consolation is in reading the Scriptures *noo*." I knew no trouble before my husband *deed*. "Was your husband pious?" He dinna profess to be a *christian*, but for months before he *deed* he was more attentive at kirk, he took the little girl wi him, and taught her hymns, an was much in reading the scriptures himself.

Supposing the dying child could not stand it long. It was natural to think of its interment. Since room, in this great city and its environs, is scarcely afforded for the resting place of the dead, but at an expence beyond the reach of the poor.

"Where was your husband buried?"

"*Acros* the water." "Before he *deed* he made me promise not to bury him, but let the hospital do it. I would 'a' pawned the furniture, and 'a' *geen* him a decent burial, but I was forced not to; he made me promise sacredly I would *na* do it." He said I should need the little be left me for the children and myself."

Such is a Sailor's heart, when wedded and a father; but the Sailor was buried in Potters-Field.

My visits were frequent while the orphan lingered in this sorrowful world and it lingered for weeks.

"I dina ken wha I should 'a' done," said she at one time. "I was doon town of an errand, I was bemoaning my sad *condition*, so destitute, I dina ken where to go for assistance, or how to get bread for the well *chield*, though the Doctor was very attentive to the sick one. I remembered ye told me to call *agin*, I turned right of to your office." The memory of that "call again" was like a star peering through a cloud in a dark night. Kind words to the poor cost but little; or if they do cost something they are profitable

investments both to the soul and purse, yet they often send a ray of hope into the despairing bosom, and prevent a crushed heart from utter breaking.

Again the same sorrowful countenance appeared in the office.

"Is your child dead?" "It is, it *deed* last night. I know it is best for the *chield*, but it was the best *chield*, always so pleasant, she gave me no trouble, it is hard to part with it." Sit down and rest your self for a time, till I see where we can bury it." After an hour's absence I returned and told her, a coffin will be sent. To-morrow at two o'clock, call in some of your neighbors, I will be there with a carriage for the funeral. "Is the *ceety* to bury it?" enquired she in an anxious tone. "I will pawn some of my things and bury it myself." "No the city shall not do it," I answered. "Is it in the Catholic ground?" "No it is in a cemetery, a pleasant ground where half of my own children lie."

I shall not describe the funeral ceremonies of the next day; tell who read the Scriptures, who offered prayer, or print the funeral discourse, to the stricken mother and she a widow, and the very few sympathizing strangers gathered in that little upper room.

The sailor's child lies now free from trouble and at rest in its lowly bed on a level with my own, and the children of the rich. Confined and carried to its grave offerings by the boarders at the Sailor's Home; the first to consecrate the parcel of ground recently purchased of in the Cemetery of the evergreens, to bury sailors in, was the Sailor's orphan.

Say ye rich, ye gay ones who luxuriate on the fruits of commerce.

Is it not a hard lot that dooms the sailor—the instrument and agent of a nation's wealth, to a life of solitude, or his widow and orphan to crushing poverty? It need not be so. It is not the fault altogether of the rich, the shipowner and the merchant that it is so. No shipmate it is in part your own. Taking this assertion for a text.

I will, in the next number of the Magazine, give you a lay sermon on a very interesting subject.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Longevity of Seamen.

The Bible sets before us the brevity of life in the most beautiful language. "Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. His days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass."

Experience and observation fully confirm these and kindred declarations of Scripture on this point. Still we have reason to believe that certain occupations, trades and professions materially effect the duration of human life. For instance agriculture and the more active employments are supposed to tend to lengthen life, while sedentary occupations shorten it.

In this connection let us inquire what influence the noble calling of the sailor has on the duration of life. This occupation requires great activity, energy and noble daring, which are generally supposed to contribute to health and long life; but is it not accompanied with so much hardship, privation and suffering as to more than counterbalance those advantages?

This is an important inquiry and should engage the attention, not only of the christian but of the philanthropist, for if it is true, that this occupation greatly diminishes the duration of life, the question should be what can be done to add to the comfort of the sailor and mitigate in some degree the privations and hardships to which he is exposed.

Some merchants and shipowners, to their praise be it spoken, have enlarged and otherwise improved the accommodations of seaman in the fore-castle, and instead of providing intoxicating drinks, have in lieu furnished tea, coffee, or otherwise improved their fare.

But little however has been done, thus far, in this work compared with its importance, but I rejoice to know that while the American Seamen's Friend Society is so energetically prosecuting its labors for the moral improvement of seamen, it has an eye to this matter, and the future is full of hope.

These cursory reflections have been elicited in consequence of noticing a list of deaths at the Seamen's Retreat, Staten Island, in the last No. of the Magazine. The whole number recorded is seventy nine, the oldest was *fifty-seven* the youngest *eighteen*, the average *thirty-years*. A newspaper before me records eleven deaths in an agricultural community averaging *forty-four years*, but the number is too small for a fair comparison. It is believed however that the sailors life falls far below the general average.

If you think these hints will serve to call attention to this subject and awaken a more lively interest in the moral and physical condition of the sons of the ocean, they are at your service. That the time may soon come when the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God, is the prayer of
L. P. H.

Hollis, N. H. Oct. 1852.

Brazil Chaplaincy.

RIO de JANEIRO, MAY 11, 1852.

To the Secretaries of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

The continued prevalence of that awful scourge the yellow fever during the month of March and April, prevented the full establishment of Bethel services in this beautiful harbor. However, your Chaplain towards the latter part of April, had the opportunity of preaching the word to several hundred Americans, (passengers and seamen,) on the decks of two of our noble California bound ships. And often has he had the privilege to speak of Christ and him crucified to the dying, and to those assembled to pay the last tribute of affection to the departed. As you have doubtless gathered from my former communications, Rio has been a sad place for seamen for the last two or three months. How many have come here with high anticipations and have been cut down in a moment! How many weary with their long voyage have stepped upon these lovely tropic shores, thinking to recruit before the next sojourn in the fore-castle, have landed but to go on that long last voyage, to that bourne

whence no traveller returns! The young and the vigorous particularly have had their ranks thinned. Young men from 18 to 25 have been shining marks for this fatal disease. Some ships have had half of their crews taken away; of other crews, nearly all now sleep the sleep which knows no awakening. I was informed of a Swedish vessel which had had her third Captain appointed. The English have suffered the most severely. It is urged by the government and by our Consul that men who have the least symptoms of sickness should go at once to the hospital here, but not to enlarge more on this part of the subject, I send you a translation of the Brazilian health officer, and the recommendations of our excellent Consul Governor Kent.

Never have I been in any place where it seems to me more important, that men ought to be *always* prepared for death. Over and over have I been called to the death bed of those who but a short time before had been performing their accustomed round of duties. My little family felt that some of these deaths were very near to our household. In the same ship that we came in were three of the heartiest and healthiest—who now rest beneath the green sod until the sound of the Resurrection trump. One of them was the young man whom I stated I had found at midnight upon the deck, and who had told me that he read his Bible and that he had a pious praying mother in the mountains of Wales. After his disease, I went to the Captain to obtain his letters with a view to ascertain his address so that I could write to his family. Not only were the letters handed to me, but the well-thumbed Welch Bible and a little volume of selections from the Scriptures entitled, "*Daily Food*." When I looked at these mementoes of the departed one, I thought, "Oh that every son of the ocean when he dies, though far away in a distant land, might have such companions, such sources of consolation as God's own Book and volumes like the "*Daily Food*." I wrote to his parents and now hold the Bible &c., at their order.

The only American Captain who has been taken away by the prevailing

malady was Capt. B. I was unwell myself for two-weeks and the first day that I ventured out I heard of his illness. I instantly repaired to his bed-side and found him suffering very much from bodily pain. I prayed with him and pointed him to Christ. He seemed extremely grateful for my visit and at that time we had hope that he might rally. The next day so soon as I saw him I felt that his days were numbered. I read to him those passages of the Bible which invite with assurance the sinner to give himself to Christ. I spoke to him affectionately and pointedly, and when I kneeled to pray he was most willing to join me. I then offered up a prayer in his behalf, and when I had finished I found his eyes fixed heavenward as if communing with his Saviour. When departing he bade me a most affectionate farewell, and in a few hours afterwards God relieved him from the sin and suffering attendant upon this life, and took him, I trust to his own right-hand where there are pleasures forevermore. His funeral was very numerously attended, by sea-captains, mates, seamen and by Americans resident in Rio, and here I also endeavored to preach Christ and him crucified and since that time several who were present and there heard the voice of warning have been laid to sleep in that same Gamboa.

THE BETHEL FLAG FLYING.

July 22nd. Months have gone by since I last communicated with the *S. Magazine*, but my warmth in the Sailors cause has had no diminution. In the latter part of the month of May Bethel service was established upon the waters of the Bay of the Rio de Janeiro. The opening services were upon the noble steamship Pioneer then on her way to California, and now running regularly from the Isthmus to San Francisco. The white dove, and the olive branch, and the large words BETHEL were affixed to her mainmast, and there attended by the American Consul (ex Governor Kent of Maine.) the officers of the ship and about four-hundred passengers and sailors, the blessings of the God of Bethel were called down upon the undertaking. For one hour and a half

(the length of the whole service) all were as attentive as I have ever witnessed a congregation in our zion, (blessed land.) I felt that it was good to be there, and many were the thanks that were expressed by sincere Christian men and women that the word of life had been once more sounded in their hearing. On the day after, your chaplain was visited by a number of the passengers and the Captain and the mate of the barque "Asa Packard." The Captain, through a good methodist "local preacher" California bound, presented your chaplain with a large and handsome copy of the Bible, just such a one as he had been wishing for, and this Bible has since been a useful occupant of his study table. The same Captain invited me to visit his ship and have services previous to his sailing. So in the middle of the week, it was a scene of deep solemnity to behold 160 Californians in the busy hour of departure, leaving every thing for a few moments to be addressed in reference to their immortal souls, to be told of that gold which perisheth not. I also distributed tracts, and just before leaving, an intelligent German, who was travelling to "Eldorado" for his health, told me that he had listened to what I had said, and that there was a good deal of truth in it, but that he did not like churches, religion &c, he believed in common sense. I replied to him that was just the essence of christianity, and that person who had more of it in his teachings than anybody else was our Lord Jesus Christ. This took him "a back" for he said that he loved the principles of our Saviour. Pleasantly exhorting him to seek the truth, I gave him a few German tracts and bade him farewell. May God open his heart and make the principles which he *professed* to love—*living* in his heart.

Another Sabbath I preached twice, once in the morning and once in the evening on two California ships. While at the morning service we were praising Jehovah, in the songs of Zion, I glanced around my congregation and beheld three of the officers of the Brazilian Government joining, apparently with great devotion, in the hymn that we were singing. I may add here, that I have had every encouragement

from the officers of the port, by facilitating my intercourse in that part of the shipping, which all persons are forbidden to visit without a special permit. This cannot be appreciated in the United states, where there is such freedom between the shipping and the shore, but here were, in some parts of the harbor, a man would be fined, as has been the case, if he should merely go aboard for a drink of water without a permit, it is a great favor never to be denied going there, and a still greater to have free pass given for every one who wishes to attend divine service. The second officer of the harbor, has repeatedly taken me in his own boat, and has very often been present at the preaching.

A UNITED STATES VILLAGE AFLOAT.

The afternoon of the Sabbath referred to, service was held aboard the "North America" a mammoth ship with, including passengers and crew more than five hundred persons on their way around to the almost *foreign* part of the United States. This ship was truly a floating Bethel. There was a man of God from Lowell, Mass, and there were quite a number of christian brethren from many parts of the Union. They had regular divine service each Sabbath, a Sunday School, two weekly prayer meetings, in short the whole life and the good habits of a United States village. As the sun was sinking beneath the verdure-clad mountains of Brazil I addressed this goodly company, and in the still hour of a tropical even-tide, there arose from this church upon the waters. songs of praise which, I have no doubt, reached the very court of Heaven. The "life upon the Ocean Wave" of those five hundred had its sad scenes too; for death worked his work there as well as upon the land. A little infant that I saw the Sabbath that I preached on the N. A. was consigned to the quiet slopes of Gamboa, before a week had passed away; and, when the ship sailed, an adult passenger was buried in the mighty deep not far from the entrance to this magnificent bay. Thus joys and sorrows are intermingled—thus bright morning hopes are overclouded, and even the noon-day sun is darkened.

By an accident the large Bethel flag was carried off in the "North America," I trust even now over the tranquil waters of the Pacific it floats one-seventh of the time, and "Far, far at sea" tells "that this is the day the Lord hath made;" and I hope that it will call on Brother Trumbull, at Valparaiso, and when his blue flag asks mine, "Traveller what of the night?" I have also hope that the white dove and the "Bethel" will reply in silent emphasis "Lo the darkness disappears." But I am not without a *floating bell*, which calls sailors to meeting. Through our minister at this court, the Hon. Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, (who, by the way, as well as the American Consul are great friends to the cause here) I became acquainted with the officers of the U. S. sloop of war Jamestown, by whom I was invited to preach on that noble vessel of war, and they, learning that I was without a flag, had one made for me by some old salts who had often cruised with Capt. Rev. H. Chase, in the Mariners Church, Rosevelt Street. It was the most welcome present I ever received, and it was given in the name of Him who will even reward the gift of a cup of cold water to one of his servants. Ever since it has greeted the breezes from the mainmast of our merchant ships, and will continue to do so until its absent brother returns from its mission to California.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HABITS.

I have often been surprised with the little spontaneous interest that mariners manifest in any thing like paying attention to their souls salvation. There are doubtless many draw backs, though their natural hearts may be as much inclined as those of any other set of men. There is a great deal however, in *religious habits*. I do not mean mere *formality*, but those things which from early childhood every American has more or less, instilled into his very nature by precept and example, viz: a reverence for the Sabbath, a cessation from all toil on that day, the attendance upon public worship. These very *habits* are a means of blessing, though the *natural heart* of that man, the affections *before regeneration*, are not better than that of the

man who has not enjoyed these advantages. The latter man, however, from want of the *habitude* of attending on the means of grace would be very loth to put himself in the way of them. That I think accounts for the want in the sailor of that *spontaneity*, or whole-souled out going desire to find his place under the Bethel flag to listen to the invitations of mercy from the Captain of our salvation. He is most of his time far out upon the water, away from the sound of the church going bells, away from home influences from the gentle voice of mother and sister, generally far from the example, and the necessary restraint from wrong, which follows the example of good men, the Sabbath if it is fair or calm is one of rest to him, but if the wild winds career over the vast watery plain, and the huge heaving billows toss angrily, work he must amid the howling of the storm; it is not only a work of necessity, but of mercy. Then add to all this one bad companion, or one bad book in the fore-castle destroys much good, breaks up good resolutions, and drowns in oblivion the promises made to kind parents and friends. These things account for the sailors indifference. Then the temptation, of such a port as Rio, in all things considered very great. The sailor has been tossed upon the waters for a month or two. It may have been that he hath come in winter from the cold blows off Cape Hatteras, or it may be that he hath doubled the stormy Cape Horn. Suddenly on a Sunday morning the bold mountains which surround the city, loom up in the distance and in few hours he is moored on the bosom of the tranquil waters of this unrivalled bay. He is in a region of perpetual vernal beauty, no winter blasts ever sweep over these waters, fruits and flowers hang from the trees, and from the interlining wild-vines all "the year round," it is never ending spring and summer. Though he has escaped stormy toils, he does not escape labor here. The rigging must be overhauled, painting is to be done and repairs to be made, the old cargo is to be turned out, and a new one of Coffee to be put in. The fore-castle, man during the week-day, may sigh

for the shade of the waving palm-trees or the verdure covered mountains which he sees around him, but there is no cessation to him of labor until Sunday comes. Then he does not feel, with his want of religious habits and with his pantings for the shore, a very strong desire to repair to the ship from whence the Bethel flag is floating. He obtains his permission to visit the shore, ten to one, he sees not the fresh green country, but in some narrow street of the hot city he is enticed, where he finds a dark den of Spirits of the *snaaky-still* birth, and the evening of that day beholds him returning to his ship a drunken man, the object of his messmates ridicule and his officers displeasure.

Again, to apply the matter to Rio, another difficulty which prevents the easy assemblage of sailors in this harbor, exists in the fact that vessels are so scattered. This harbor is said to be the safest in the world, it is sheltered, deep, easy of access to the ocean, and so capable in its size, that it could float the combined navies of the world. But vessels are not anchored at wharves or at all contiguous.

There are no less than four distinct anchoring grounds. The first near the mouth of the harbor, is where vessels are visited by the health government officers. Here the California ships anchor and all vessels that put in distress, or call to stop for a few days. These ships, a mile or two from the shore, cannot be visited without a special permit. And if one of these vessels should move up, a custom house officer remains upon her until she is entirely discharged.

The next anchoring ground is that of the men of war and many of them are always there. The largest ones have chaplain's and among those belonging to Protestant countries there are some sincere christians.

The next place for vessels is the discharging ground; here again no one is allowed to go aboard until the whole cargo is out. Still higher up, is the fourth anchoring ground where vessels that are discharged lie, and to these alone there is a free going to and fro. There are perhaps from ten to fifteen American vessels here

and on average each Sunday, scattered over each of these anchoring grounds and the extremes are two or three miles apart. The most central place is the discharging ground. Now when the Bethel flag is afloat in the upper harbor, those below never or very rarely heed its call! and when there are no Californians in port, meetings are very slim averaging from ten to thirty each Sabbath. There are three hundred vessels (American) which annually visit this port, and, at the very least calculation, the American consul informs me, they would average officers and crew, fourteen men to a vessel, or four thousand two hundred men a year connected with our mercantile marine, (this does not include passengers for California,) and of this number only 520 to 1560 attend Bethel services each year. Now something ought to be done if possible to secure at least the attendance of two thousand annually, and how is this to be done.

1st By giving as far as we can the right kind of *habits* to the Sailor, this can be done by faithful Bethel colportage in the home ports; by supplying the fore-castle with good interesting books and tracts; by captains and officers reading the Bible, the Bethel service, and by singing the hymns found in the Seamen's hymn book each Sabbath, thus Sunday will not lose its holiness by being passed upon the mighty deep.

2nd By faithful visits from the Bethel minister so soon as the ship is in port, if the government authorities will allow it. By re-supplying the men with tracts and exhorting them against the dens of iniquity which send out their jackall's to lure them to be preyed upon.

3rd By having a central place for worship in the discharging ground (which is the general landing place for passengers and men from the vessels of all nations.) Hulks are sold in this port from time to time, and one of them would be the cheapest floating Bethel that could be anchored. A condemned vessel the "Guroone" recently sold, rigging and all, for five thousand milreis about \$2,800, and there are opportunities every year for

making such a purchase. The rigging and other appertenances not wanted could be sold, and in that way the cost of a floating Bethel might be reduced to one thousand dollars. Are the good people at home willing to do something for immortal souls in this far off land—Even the word of life preached to only five hundred or a thousand sailors annually, is worth the outlay, shall we not increase the number by a floating Bethel, central in its situation.

4. And the most important means of all is the faithful prayers and the prayed over and liberal charities of Gods people at home. Without these we can do nothing, without these our words will fall upon the ear listlessly. Oh may Christs cause to sailors be dear to his people every where, and may that which is the real "burden of the sea" be removed, that is, may sin and iniquity be melted away by the sun of righteousness as the frost of the morning is caused to vanish by the natural orb of day.

I must say in closing, that not all is dark, there is a bright side to the picture. I have often found that aboard ships which has gladdened my heart. I have been rejoiced by the tear of repentance rolling from the eye of a sick and dying mariner, and more than all by the grasp of the hand of some Christian sea faring man when I least expected it. When preaching on the U. S. ship Jamestown, a Lieutenant after the services were concluded thanked me with a tear in his eye for the word of truth which had been spoken, and I afterwards learned that man had been recently converted and it was all under God traceable to a pious praying wife at home. The three last times that I have preached aboard merchant vessels, each of the Captains were Bible reading Sabbath keeping men, because they had pious wives, and it was out of regard to them that they were happy to do anything to promote the kingdom of Christ. Oh may pious wives and mothers never despair of their influence when it is so strong that it can be felt 6000 miles away. One, of these last mentioned 3 captains, with tears in his eyes expressed to me his longing desires to become a christian,

and I pointed him to the Lamb of God who only taketh away the sins of the world."

May the God of all grace bless the Bethel cause, and may we all learn that the world to be regenerated must under Him, be done by faith patience, labor and prayer. Yours as ever,

J. C. FLETCHER,
American Samen's Chaplain,
Rio de Janeiro.

P. S. I have received a letter from the father of the Welch sailor whose death I mentioned in the first part of this letter and expresses to the Society his thanks that the fate of his son has not hung and will not for years to come, in doubt, which would have been the case had it not been for the Societys representation here.

Troubles.

Brood not over your troubles. What if they accumulate day by day? Let your courage be increased. We would not give a fig for a man who never had a frowning sky above him, and was never rocked in the whirlwind and the storm. How can he brave danger, disease, or death? In an emergency—when boldness and action are required—what is he fit for? He falls like a toad-stool. The weakest foot tramples him in the dust.—But a man who has seen trouble—who has faced the cannon's mouth—who has braved the mountain waves, and stood at his post amid billows, and fires, and the thunders of Heaven's artillery—is just the character that is needful in this world of sorrow, suffering, and death.

Learn to be strong in the endurance of trouble. Yield not at the first onset of affliction. Be proof against the shafts of adversity. Dwell not upon your disappointments and your sorrows; and, like a true man and a Christian, you will walk triumphantly out of your furnace, and not a hair of your head shall smell of the smoke.

Remember.

A light heart is a good trap to catch, a sunbeam, and a clear conscience is a good box to hold it.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Story of the Burning Ship.

Late in the summer of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred in coming to New York, to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S. who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any note-worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels changed the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it might command any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting around to the east, and promised to bring us without delay to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived, that by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might, pretty certainly, realize a splendid fortune, a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the

wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making: as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain at this time was pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel; for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north—and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement, among the passengers and crew, at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain and said to him, that I deemed it my duty to inform him that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation, that it could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin and locked the door.

He was a kind hearted man by na-

ture, and in ordinary occasions, few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow-being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large number of their brethren were perishing within their sight, who by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and, from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look; the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from whence we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having by long and scrutinizing examination satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlor of a London hotel, when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S. It stated that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself

and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale, and haggard with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated, began his communication.

"I have taken the liberty," said he "of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day on entering a *cafe*, I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of an awful burning of a British man-of-war. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered, but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance, and immediately put back to render assistance, and arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals: upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of two hundred persons.

My peace of mind was gone for ever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed, that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dread brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration with the roar of the signal guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to

sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind and racked it to agony, whenever I fell into a slumber.

Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors, I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate condition of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in my chair, while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop on my breast in incipient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fantasy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds, but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length, even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonizing signals boom!

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and upon human face never yet saw I such anguish. He resumed in a few moments his accounts.

"This must soon end. I know I shall not survive many hours. I am dying of a raging fever, but I will have no advice or assistance. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this: The whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the Bank of England. I shall order in my

will that every cent of it shall be at your disposal I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the Admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man;—promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish."

I gave him the promise which he desired, and left him.

That night Captain S. was no more.

Intemperance in the Royal Navy.

A small pamphlet bearing this title has been published by Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, on this unfortunately too prevalent failing of British seamen. After pointing out the utter inadequacy and inefficiency of flogging to prevent or check this evil, which among the sailors is not generally accounted a crime, but only a failing exciting pity for the culprits, Sir John describes an expedient adopted in several ships on board which he was then serving, with the happiest success. It is called "the drunken mess," in which all persons found drunk were obliged to mess alone in the most conspicuous part of the ship—the main hatchway—their clothes marked with "D," and their utensils marked "Drunken Mess." They were also set to perform all the dirty work of the ship, with other restrictions. The following account describes the success of the experiment on board the *Victory*, in 1808:—"This ship was manned chiefly by a draft of men from a ship that was proverbial for drunkenness, which flogging and other punishments had failed to subdue. I proposed my plan to the captain, who gladly adopted it. The effect was wonderful. Every one of the crew (eight hundred) who passed up and down the main hatchway had a laugh, if not a joke, at the drunkards, who were heard to say, they would sooner take three dozen lashes at the gangway, than be put a second time into the 'drunken mess.' In short, in six months this lamentable evil was almost completely vanished. When the drunkards were brought on deck to drink their six-water grog, the captain

and often the Admiral (the gallant Sir James Saumarez,) used to talk to them, which had a good effect. In deed, there was only one man in the ship who was found incurable; his name was Brown, who the very day he was discharged, was sure to be drunk. At last he was fairly given up, and obtained the unenviable dignity of 'Captain of the Drunken mess.' In conclusion, the universal adoption of this "drunken mess" is earnestly recommended as an authorized regulation by the Admiralty.

London Paper.

Disasters.

Ship Arno, Corlies, of and from Boston, April 22d, for Valparaiso, was abandoned July 15th, in a sinking condition; crew taken off by Lubeck barque Alma, at this port from Buenos Ayres.

Barque Swan, at Philadelphia 3d, reports; July 22d, while passing Fortune Island, saw a boat pulling off; took from her Capt. S. H. Sweetser, late of the brig VANCOUVER, of N. Yarmouth, whose vessel struck on Bird Rock on the 22d July, and was subsequently totally lost.

Brig PETERSBURGH went ashore outside the Heads at San Francisco, about Aug. 25th, and became a total loss. She was from the Sandwich Islands.

Barque YORKTOWN, of Bath, hence for Quebec, went ashore 26th of Aug, at 3 A. M., on the reefs on Point Trinity, North side of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and became a total loss.

Information has been received at the Department of State, from Ramon Leon Sanchez, United States Consul at Carthagena, New Grenada, of the loss of the American schooner CLARENDON, James E. Burgess, master, on the reef known as the "Roncador," situate near the Island of Old Providence.

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 25th, Aug. says:—We learn that the Schr. ALDERMAN, from this port to Navy Bay, is a total loss at Providence Point.

Schr. WM. POLLARD, of Harrington, Me. from Philadelphia for Boston,

struck on Joe Flogger 28th, Aug. in thick weather, and sunk in five fathom water.

Schr. ARABELLA, Chaplyn, from Spanish Main, bound to Baltimore, was wrecked on Serana Key, about midway between the Island of Jamaica and the coast, on the 13th, Aug.; vessel and cargo a total loss.

Barque ALFRED, or Alloa, Graham, from Leith, bound to Dalhousie, went ashore Aug. 29, at Little Shippegen Gully, on Miscon Island. She is a total wreck.

We learn from the steamship Louisiana that the Brig NARAGUAGUS, from Thomastown, with lime, struck on the north breakers at Galveston bar 4th, Sept. and sunk to her main deck. When the Louisiana came out 5th inst. the vessel was on fire and it is supposed will be a total loss.

Schr. S. S. LUCAS, from Charleston for Havana, with the U. S. mails, was wrecked 12th, Sept. 21 miles S. of St. Augustine;

Fishing schr. REFORM, Chase, of Harwich, was wrecked near Owl's Head N. S. 25th Sept.

Pruss, barque ARCHIBALD, from Bordeaux for New Orleans, was totally wrecked night 1st Sept. at Mottauz, fifty miles East of Port-au-Platt.

Schr. RACHEL ANN, from Boston, of and for North Yarmouth, went ashore 22d Sept. on the "Goose Rocks," a few East, of Goat Island, Kennebunkport, and immediately went to pieces.

Brig MOUNT VERNON, from Havana for New Orleans, capsized at sea 10th Sept. and sunk. Eleven persons were drowned. Captain and five of the crew saved.

Schr. H. WESTCOTT, from Suffolk for this port, went ashore on Wreck Island 11th Sept. Vessel total loss.

Br brig Sarah, from Cienfuegos for Quebec, struck on Loo Key during the gale, lost her rudder sprung a leak, and was run ashore on the Point of Newfound Harbor, when she soon bilged.

The U. S. M. schr. Chatham, from Charleston 9th Sept. for Key West and Havana, was lost about fifteen miles South of St. Augustine, 12th.

Fishing schr. Navarre, of Marblehead, Pedrick, was wrecked on Sable Island 14th Sept. in a strong gale from N.

Brig Borneo, Hodgdon, hence for Jacksonville, went ashore on the Bar of St. Johns River, Flor. previous to 5th Oct. Vessel a total loss.

Notice to Mariners.

Hydrographic Department,
Madrid, 17th July, 1852.

LIGHT HOUSES ON THE NORTH COAST OF SPAIN.—1st. *Light on the Point of Machichaco, Province of Biscay.*—From the 21st of August a new Light House will be lighted every night, established on the Point of Cape Machichaco, on the North Coast of Spain, from the setting to the rising of the sun. This Light House is situated 14 miles East of the Point of Fuerte de la Galea, lat. $43^{\circ} 28' N$, and lon. $3^{\circ} 22' 50'' E$. of the Observatory of San Fernando (Cadiz). The apparatus is of the first catadioptric order of Fresnel's System, with *fixed* lights, and flashes at intervals of four minutes. This light, which is of the natural color, is at an elevation of 285 Castilian feet above the level of the Equinoctial high tides, and produces a tangent of 18.8 miles.

2nd. *Light on the Point of the Fuerte de la Galea, Province of Biscay.*—This Light House, established on the Coast to the East of the Bay (Concha) of Portugalete, is situated 14 miles West of Machichaco, in lat. $43^{\circ} 22' 26'' N$. and lon. $3^{\circ} 8' 14'' E$ East of the Observatory of San Fernando. Its apparatus is of the 4th catadioptric order; the light fixed and of the natural color, at a height of 416 Castilian feet above the sea in the Equinoctial high tides, and is distant 5200 feet of the same measure from the Punta de la Galea. This light in strictness produces a tangent of 22.66 miles; but it can only be distinguished at this or even at a less distance under favorable conditions of the atmosphere.

3d. *Light Cape Penas, Province of Oviedo.*—It is situated in lat. $43^{\circ} 42' 20'' N$. and lon. $00^{\circ} 42' 28'' E$ East of the Observatory of San Fernando.

The height of the luminous focus above the level of the sea is 370 Castilian, feet and its apparatus, which is of the first catadioptric order of Fresnel produces a light with eclipses which follow each other at intervals of 30 seconds, with a tangent in clear weather of 20 miles. This light will be first illuminated on the 16th August.

An Iron Beacon of octagonal form, the black ball on the top being 45 feet above high water, has been erected on Romer Shoal.

It bears S. $48^{\circ} E$. magnetic, 1840 yards from the stone beacon on N. W. point of Romer, and is a short third of a nautical mile from S. E. point of the Shoal; the centre is in eight feet at low water.

In going through Swash Channel, when bearing N. E. it should not be approached nearer than 300 yards.

GEO. W. BLUNT.

Fixed light at Porte Torres, Gulf of Asinaria, Sardinia.—The Sardinia Government has given notice that on the 1st of August a fixed light was established on the extremity of the Eastern Mole of Port Torres, in the Gulf of Anisare.

The Light-House stands in lat. $40^{\circ} 50' 13'' N$. and lon. $8^{\circ} 24' 25'' E$ East of Greenwich; and the light being 40 feet above the sea level, is visible at the distance of 12 miles.

A bell buoy is about being moored, not under one and a-half and not over two miles directly S. of Partridge Island, at the entrance of the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick. Length over all 35 feet, breadth 12 feet, extreme height of mast 12 feet—on the top of which is the bell, which will have four clappers; the least swell will cause it to ring. The buoy is ballasted with 8 tons pig iron, and was built in England of boiler plate in a substantial and workmanlike manner. Halfway up the mast is a cage for the protection of any shipwrecked person who can reach it. Mr. Freeman Hunt, of the Merchant's Magazine, who communicates this intelligence, says: "The prevalence of fogs in the Bay of Fundy renders the buoy absolutely necessary. It is believed to be the first of the kind ever used on this side of the Atlantic."

POETRY.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

Lines written on hearing of the recent revival on board of one of our ships, where many were hopefully converted to God.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
"The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."
Thus sang the poet, in numbers sweet and rare,
Immortal as his verse and great as fair;
Yet richer gems do float on ocean's waves,
Than those the poet sung, deep in its lonely caves.

"And the sea gave up the dead" Rev. XX, 13.
Not the loud trump, that calls to second life
The slumbering dust of marbled cemeteries;
Or ocean's caves, where sleep, on coral reefs,
"Gems of a purer ray," than poets sing;
(Seeds of immortal life, ere long to burst
Their submarine imprisonment, to light.)

—Not th' apocalyptic angels' fiat,
As on the earth, one foot, one on the sea,
Swears by the omnipotent Creation's King,
That time no longer is, nor is to be:
And yet a power, resistless to achieve
Its wondrous work, as that which Chaos felt.
Brought forth in holy beauty's heav'nly forms,
A new creation of supernal light,
On minds debas'd, and dark as hell before.
Life from the dead! Old ocean hears the sound
And renders back the loud unwanted echo.
And from the darkness, light; so Heav'n's decree;
Thou Sea, give up thy dead; so Mercy's angel
Spake, as o'er the gallant barque she hovered;
Break from thy guilty slumbers; sleep no more.
So spake the angel of the earth and sea,
As with cherubic glory forth he rode,
Celestial embassy, companionship
With him, who brooded on the deep profound.
Let there be light upon her Ocean—path,
Peaceful and quiet, be her solitary wake,
And gales propitious, each traverse course attend.
While o'er her rising stern or sinking prow,
The shipman's noble form is bending now;
A sailor prays! all Heav'n delighted hears;
No fearless oath upon the gale out thrown;
Subdued his soul; he seeks his God alone;
And waves receding, bear along his tears.

And now the heart is riven; the rude music
Of the deck is hush'd; the jest, the jeer is still,
And fore and aft; or in the dizzy height,
See now, some Ocean's son; or on the foretop
braced,

Or prostrate in his berth; are sighs and tears,
Instead. A world all new the sailor sees,
Whether he upward cast his tear-wash'd eye,
Or traces golden images of beauty
As stars upon the calm blue sea, reflected;
Or the hush'd mountain billows, tells not more of
pow'r, than, emblem of his mountain guilt.

On this intent, now spake the heavenly form,
The angel of the covenant, to him
Angel of the sea, and spirit of the deep:
In answer to that widowed mother's prayer
I come as lone it breaks upon the midnight hour,
To turn her sadness into weeping joy;
For God has heard her, for the Sailor Boy.

That mother's tears, her fragile, sainted form,
The gentle pressure of her trembling hand,
Her looks that beamed of heav'n, ineffable;
(Heav'n, first her thoughts, and next her darling
son.)

In mem'ry's vision, now, are present all.
A mother's gift, mouldy through Ocean's damps,
Lies undisturb'd; from voyage to voyage
Unread and unesteemed, a useless thing,
Deep hid from sight; his Bible; precious now
Mid falling tears of penitence and hope
He reads Redemption's plan adores and loves.
From heart to heart the sacred influence spreads
For Heavens own light is there, and Hell recedes.

Mark laudsmen well, mark from the distant lea,
What God can do, for dwellers on the sea;
No spot confines his grace; not more the ark,
Thau at the cotters hearth, or with the gallant
barque.

'Tis more than hope, sailor, for thee, we sing;
'Tis consummation now; Faith on the wing.
And far within the veil, thy anchor cast,
Where calms, and storms, and perils, all are
pass'd.

Jack looks aloft; where the once storm-cloud seen
With idle gaze; and the loud laugh had been;
His heart now full of God; sees Him above,
Where shines the sun, or milder planets move.
And constellations bright, beam on his heart of
love.

Home had its charms before, and memory had
hung
In pleasing hopes and dreams, his halcyon scenes
among;

Where life's young hour, had lit its orient dawn,
Thither he hied his speedy steps along;
And welcome hearts, and hands and voices clear,
Greet the long absent one, with household cheer.
Propitious ocean breeze, bear onward to their
homes,
These favored sons, thy brave and peril'd ones.

Nearing their port the Bethel flag decry,
As Sabbath morn breaks from the eastern sky,
It wakes to thoughts of heav'n and points the
way.

And where, but to that House of God, shall they
repair,
To offer at that shrine, their first and grateful
pray'r.

Landsmen and Sailors join in praise, to hear,
That God has found poor Jack, upon the ocean
dear.

New York, November, 1852.

The Seamen's Cause in Massachusetts.

This State commenced early, and has pursued steadily its efforts for the benefit of Seamen. Its responses of sympathy and practical interest have ever been heartfelt and liberal. The dwellers among her mountains have vied with those on her sea-shores in promoting a work of common interest. For several years the Rev. William Bushnell, has performed the duties of Secretary and Agent on this field. The evidences of his fidelity and success are seen in the annual increase of the donations of the churches and friends to the cause; and in the fact that many will long remember his appeals and exhortations as promotive of their spiritual good.

Recently he has consented to serve the American Seamen's Friend Society in the same capacity in the States of Maine and New Hampshire. Most earnestly is he commended to the confidence and co-operation of the friends of seamen there.

In the meantime under an arrangement effected between the American and Boston Seamen's Friend Societies the Rev. Stedman W. Hanks, of Lowell, has been appointed their joint Secretary and Agent to present and promote the whole cause in the State of Massachusetts, and has just entered upon the duties of his office. We doubt not he will plead the cause of the sailor warmly and effectively. For him also we bespeak the co-operative counsel and aid of all who pray for the conversion of the abundance of the sea.

Valparaiso Chaplaincy.

VALPARAISO, Aug. 14, 1852.

Since I last wrote you the course of events connected with the cause of seamen has presented little that calls for notice. The same want of a Home for the sons of the ocean is felt that I have adverted to before. Some expensive buildings are just now going up for their demoralization but not a single house is there in which seamen can find food and lodging without the contamination of revellers and its kindred vices.

Lately the case of a young man has come to my knowledge who expresses the trembling hope that he has been brought to enter the service of God during his voyage from America, as a passenger to this port. He was alone and the moving cause humanly speaking has been the excellent books with which affectionate and praying friends had provided him at the time of his departure. When men are at sea there is no saying what results good books may produce.

On my last visit to the American Hospital there were very few patients, only seven in all. I supplied them all with papers which I had received from New York; and was thanked for them. Few know the loneliness of the sick wards of a foreign seaman's hospital. The physicians, also, in charge of them I have invariably found ready to meet me with a cordial welcome.

One of them once indeed asked me to go and visit a patient, who by drinking spirits and reading Paine's Age of Reason, had brought his mind into so

dreadful a state that he attempted his own life; the doctor remarked at the time that it was a case that medical art was not adequate to, and he wished I would go and converse with the man, a sailor, to see if it were possible by moral means to quite his disturbed mind.

A British barque has lately come here, having been on the coast for some months which has several pious men on board. They are from Cornwall, all neighbours. The Captain is a religious man, and though he has been at different ports he has not had one of his men desert him. The steward came to see me a few days since. He seemed to be a very humble and sincere christian. He had been a local preacher among the methodists. I supplied him with papers, pamphlets and some of the excellent volumes of the Tract Society.

Not many days since I had a visit from a pious officer in the British Navy. He seems to have a heart for the sincere milk of the word. He is a member of the Church of England.

Another of the Lord's people who has been here lately was a Norwegian. He said he had grown up in the love of the Gospel; and could not say *when* he became a Christian. I asked him if he had found a quiet boarding house, but he replied that all were bad, noisy and intemperate. I told him to come and see me before sailing. This he did, and I provided him with a hymn book, Tract Society volumes, tracts and books for the crew he was to sail with. He purchased quite a number of volumes, which is of course more indicative of interest than the simple acceptance of them would be.

There are several pious ship masters now in port, most of them being Captains of British ships. After all, for an abiding religious education I find men of no nation equal to the Scotch. Even among persons of limited opportunities, I have often been surprised to find how correct is their appreciation of the balance of Christian doctrines; and how appropriate their replies even to difficult questions.

I must conclude with one case more. A ship-carpenter having come to live on shore, and apparently become intemperate, has this very day come to

ask assistance in his extremity. I gave him food to eat, some clothing to wear and a shilling to get shaved! This goes to make up the variety of cases that come under the notice of your Chaplains.

Yours truly,

D. TRUMBULL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 1852.

[To the Publishers of the Sailor's Magazine.]

Permit me, through the medium of the Magazine, to report to Miss Dorr, Secretary of the Dorchester Seamen's Friend Society, in relation to a library, the gift of that Society to ship Winchester of Boston.

It must be gratifying to her, and to those acting with her in their labour of love, to hear of beneficial results, and it is pleasing to me, to be able to say, from the experience of the last 12 months, that an investment of this kind is well worth making for every ship that floats.

It is known among the commercial community, that we had a peculiar trial of our patience and perseverance, by being detained on and near the bar of S. W. Pass, for about three and half months, and that Sailors under such circumstances, are usually, exceedingly uneasy, being, as they say, neither at sea nor on shore. Ours were quite otherwise, and we were much indebted for it to the entertainment afforded them by our library. I have often passed the fore-castle door, and seen them all sitting around the room at work upon the clothes, while one has been employed reading to the others from one of those books; and the Temperance tales, had so much influence upon them, that they formed a Society among themselves, and all who signed the pledge, (to say the least,) if not strictly abstemious, were much the most sober men on board, tho' previously they had been otherwise. Several of them are in the ship until the present time, and were temperate obedient, and quiet. I think there were but few, if any, of the books, which were not read by them, during the voyage, and they took the place of those demoralizing scrapings, which are frequently, from their cheapness, stuffed into a sea-chest.

I have often said sailors are a reading community, and they are becoming every day more enlightened and intelligent. Indeed the American Sailor, will already rank as high in intelligence as any of the labouring classes of the community, and I hope the time is not far distant, when they will leave their habits of profanity, vulgarity, and vice.

A Sailor ought to be a gentleman. They have long enough misimproved their advantages, but good homes on shore, and good usage at sea, is working wonders among them. In passing I would say, they are not insensible of your favours, nor ungrateful for them, and I am disposed to think, if they were invited to do so, they would contribute liberally towards the object of your society. Permit me to render your thanks, personally, for the benefit you have conferred on me, and those under my charge, and believe me yours very truly.

NATHAN BRIGGS.

To Miss Eliza Dorr, Secretary Seamen's Friend Society, Dorchester, Mss.

St. Thomas Chaplaincy.

June 17th, 1852.

The busiest part of our shipping season is now over. Our harbor begins at times to look quite scant, and in consequence your chaplain has a moment or two of leisure time. He uses a portion of it in reviewing what he has done during the last six months, and in advising you of the same.

I feared when I first re-commenced laboring last December, that I should not be able to accomplish as much as I had the year before. In looking at my accounts however, I find that in all respects but one I have accomplished more. I have not fallen behind the 45,000 pages of tracts, distributed last year. Perhaps I have exceeded that number. And I believe that I may safely say they have been circulated with care and effect. That these little gifts are highly valued and treasured by seamen, I learn from one striking fact which has afforded me pleasure in seeing. It is that seamen often exchange tracts that I have given them one voyage, when they return on another, with marks confirming assurances that they have been perused.

Many too have voluntarily told me of serious impressions started in their minds by the reading of these precious little messengers of truth. Again instead of 200 Bibles, as last year, I have exceeded 400 this. In the Report of the A. B. S., page 104, there are 331 credited to this station; all of which have been circulated, with the addition of above fifty Spanish Bibles and Testaments and more than fifty in Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, and Swedish. A very ardent desire to read the sacred volume has been pleasingly manifested, in a number of cases. One evening I found a sailor from a Nova Scotia bark. The next morning when I went aboard; one of the crew said to me—"Have you a Bible to sell? I have been living unprepared to die long enough. I want to change, and by God's help I will. I am going to read the Bible. Several in the hospital have asked for Bibles, to carry with them, when well enough to go.—I asked a young Frenchman, sick, whether he would not like to read a Testament. He persisted in refusing. However, I left one in his room. Out of curiosity he took it up and becoming interested he read a large part of the Gospels; consecutively. I have circulated many French scriptures, also many Spanish, more than ever before. I have 33 dollars to return to the Bible Society.

Besides these—I have scattered around and abroad, some 500 volumes of religious reading! bound volumes, I mean. Some of these remain ashore, but many are going over the waters, in the cabin and fore-castle—preaching, as they journey, to the sailor in his ocean solitude, of righteousness, of immortality—of faith in Jesus—and of a rest above, reserved for the people of God.

As usual, we have had a number of calls for the hymn book. It is deservedly a favorite, and I have no doubt often proves a timely aid to edification. I have one regret about this hymn book. It is that it cannot be held at a much lower price, or afforded gratuitously, that it might be universally diffused, and drive from every ship which floats, songs that sound only of obscenity, of bachanalian fury.

Our contributions this year have not reached what they did last year, for special reasons: but they have been encouraging.

We have excelled in what I trust is better than money. Our audiences have not generally been very large, but they have been more uniform, and I think I may add, they in many cases seemed more affected. Of this, though of course we speak carefully. The judgment day alone can disclose results here. It is delightful to be assured that then, at least some of the bread scattered upon the waters shall be found at the right hand of God. We seem to have had some awakenings too in the sick-chamber, and at the grave's side. I have had much sickness to bring me in communication with seamen. How little do landsmen especially men *inland*, think of the sailor's sufferings in sickness, in a land like this, during his illness, I am generally the only one to soothe and cheer him and visit the sailor as a friend. Many have told me so, with thanks—I have held several prayer meetings, this year for the convalescent, they have been so numerous at the hospital; besides ministering and praying at their bed-sides. In these interviews great solemnity and feeling have been evinced; and evident enjoyments has been seen, and afterwards expressed. How much I myself have enjoyed this labor of evangel-philanthropy. I still seem to hear their hearty and joyful praise. Their faces worn with disease, still seem to beam the joy upon me, as it animated and revived them when singing of God's goodness in their recovery, or in thankfulness for Heavenly consolations. Nor have I forgotten the loud Amen uttered at the close of prayers, offered on their behalf; showing,—

Heart engaged and mind intent—

As well as knee and body bent.—

May God grant that these things may engage them to eternity.

Thus you see, our field is still full of hope, it widens as we traverse it. The more we cross it, the more it brings for another harvest. The more we labor the more we are encouraged. All we want is more faith and more

strength—to labor more intently to glorify God.

Your devoted Chaplain,
T. H. NEWTON.

Just and Commendable Verdict

Two captains were recently tried on a charge of "habitual drunkenness" before the Liverpool Local Marine Board. The charge was proved, and the sentence was, "that neither of the captains can again proceed to sea as master, mate or second mate of any foreign-going British ship."

We are glad to see such stringent measures for the protection of life and property adopted by the Liverpool Local Marine Board. Earnestly do we hope the matter will be carried yet further to the only safe issue viz:—*the employment of neither master nor mate who uses intoxicating liquors as a drink.*

[For the Sailors Magazine.]

Shark-Catching.

(IN SAPPHIC MEASURE.)

On the ocean tide was I carried forward

Out beyond thy rocks, O cape ANN beloved:

Merry my companions when reach'd our fish-ground,

Down went the anchor.

Fathom thirty-three was the depth of water:

Such my cod's-line length, as I cast it over,

With a leaden weight for to make it sink down

Quick to the bottom.

For the hake and cod, I would have you ponder,

With the broad-spread skate, often call'd the ray-fish

Choose their lov'd abode in the depths of ocean:

There you must catch them.

But the prowling *shark* with a different nature,

Near the surface keeps, where perchance a sinner

Naked may be swimming, not once reflecting.

Who may be near him.

As I then was bobbing for cod-fish,
and hake-fish,
Feeling and pulling, if perhaps I'd
hook'd one,
Close by the surface I did see a shark
swim,

Hungry for dinner.

Short line for mackerel threw I over
instant,
And the fool nibbled at the bait I
offer'd:

Him I then quick pull'd, and the pilot
gaff'd him,

Hauling aboard us.

'What a simpleton of a shark!—I
call'd him—

'Hoping a full feast on a leg or
shoulder,

'But, alas, caught, gaff'd, and on deck
a prisoner—

'Out of your element!

'Pretty, six-row'd teeth are the teeth
you show now!

'Bite us you cannot, though you ope
your mouth wide:

'Sure I'll take your jaws, as a wel-
come trophy,

'Homeward in triumph!—

Would that all *land-sharks*, for poor
Jack so hungry,

Were thus hook'd and caught, and in
prison shut up,

And the sailor found every port he
reaches,

Haven of comfort!

Sailor, whom I love! would you shun
the land-shark?

For the "SAILOR'S HOME" never fail
to ask then,

And the "BETHEL FLAG," let it draw
you to it:

There is your safety!

A FISHERMAN.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Letter from Polynesia, No. IV.

*Hawaiian Legislature—Sailing of
the Missionary Schooner Caro-
line—Cooly Chinese Laborers—
Religious interest. &c.*

The summer of 1852 in Ho-
nolulu will hereafter be referred
to for reasons most strikingly dis-
similar, and occurrences of mark-
ed importance. The Hawaiian Le-
gislation has been in session, and
never before was that political
body so independent. The native re-

presentatives felt themselves to be
men, and that their vote was equal to
that of a white man. All the affairs
of the government, conduct of public
officials, and interests of the nations
were freely and fully discussed. The
House of Representatives, or lower
house is composed of 24 members, 17
Hawaiians and 7 foreigners. The
House of Nobles, or upper house is
composed of certain high chiefs, go-
vernors of the different islands, and
his majesty's ministers, in all, 16
Hawaiians and 3 foreigners. Thus it
will appear, that the native element is
decidedly in the numerical majority.
The rules and regulations of these as-
semblies, are similar to those of Eng-
land and the United States.

During the last few weeks public
attention has been called to the sub-
ject of foreign missions. The whole
community, including natives and
foreigners, have taken a most lively
interest in the fitting out and sailing
the missionary schooner, "Caroline,"
for Micronesia. The vessel sailed on
the 15th ult.

A large concourse of foreigners and
natives assembled upon the wharf to
witness the interesting scene. Prayer
was offered in native by the Rev. L.
Smith, and in English by the Seamen's
Chaplain, after which, one of the new
missionaries, led in singing the last
verse of the missionary hymn, "Waft
—waft, ye winds! his story, &c." In
a few minutes the order was given to
cast off, and the vessel glided grace-
fully out of the harbor and started on
her heavenly mission. She is re-
ported to have touched at Kanai, but
left with all on board in health. Even
now, Aug. 10, we may imagine the
Caroline sailing among the low Islands
of the King's Mills groups.

'Tis brave to see a gallant ship,

With snowy pinions, fly

Across the ocean, like a bird,

Beneath a pleasant sky.

'Tis brave to think what precious things

A heap ed up in her hold,—

What goodly merchandise she brings,

And jewelry and gold.

How lofty is her carriage, when

She sitteth on the deep;

Her streamers loose, her canvass spread,

The rolling seas to sweep!

The loud hurrah, the sailors cheer,—

The tumult and the strife,—

The laugh, the firewell, and the tear;

She is a thing of life!

Yet braver sight I deem it is
And goodlier, when a ship,
With Mercy's heralds, doth her wing
In yonder waters dip,—
A burden bearing, richer far
Than gold, or cunning gem.—
Yea, waiting tidings of the star
That shines from Bethlehem;

O 'tis a holy thought that men
May watch, and toil, and strive,
And stir with enterprise the land,
And make the seas alive!
And open up new avenues
Which traffic never trod,
Only that Earth by these may be
A highway for our God!

One of the ordained missionaries was a native of the islands, being the son of the Rev. Mr. Gulick, of Wai-
ialua, Oahu. On the Sabbath evening before the vessel sailed, he made a very excellent address, from which I make the following extract, containing a sentiment which I could wish might be forcibly impressed upon the minds of seafaring men.

And as I am in a seamen's chapel, let me say a word to all Christian navigators in these Pacific seas, that with them we of this mission feel ourselves one. The cause of Christ is equally yours and ours, and we shall welcome you to the shores of Micronesia as coadjutors in the elevation of its inhabitants and the salvation of their souls. We only ask that as you bring commerce and civilization to those isles, there may accompany you none of their deleterious and blighting influences, to quench the feeble light of truth we may shed on the benighted islanders. *Save us, we pray you, if it be possible, from the heathenism of civilization!*

While missionaries are gradually extending their labor on islands and groups of islands, dotting the vast Pacific, a new element is becoming incorporated with the population of Polynesia, and the western coast of N. and S. America. I refer to the Cooly immigration from China. A few days since the second *Cooly cargo* was landed at Honolulu, numbering 98, Amoy Chinamen who are to be scattered abroad as laborers upon our coffee, and sugar plantations, and as domestic servants. I am quite undecided as yet, respecting the future influence and bearing of this new element on society. Some of the readers of the Magazine may be interested to

learn upon what terms these labourers are engaged. The master of the vessel engages with those who wish for labour upon nearly the following terms,—he shall receive \$50,000 for each one's passage, and about \$10,000 which he advances in money and clothing to the men before leaving China, and while on their passage. These labourers agree with the shipmasters, to work for him, or *his assigns* in the Sandwich Islands for the period of five years, and to receive from two to four dollars per month, besides being found food, lodging, and medicinal attendance. I am most credibly informed, that upon these terms, any number of labourers can be induced to leave China, there is indeed great anxiety to leave, and cases are not rare of persons smuggling themselves on board. At some future time I may furnish more particulars respecting the success of Cooly labour. Intelligence has just reached the island, of the terrible massacre of an American ship's company, engaged in carrying Coolies to South America. The origin of the difficulty, is said, to be the imprudence of the captain, in *robbing* the Chinaman of their *queues*. This is an appendage a Chinaman values at a high price.

Before closing, I take pleasure in alluding to increased interest upon religious subjects, among the youth of Honolulu. Our High School enjoys the services of an excellent teacher, whose labor appears to have been blessed to the spiritual welfare of his pupils. We have also other indications that the Spirit's influence is felt among us. Our last communion at the Bethel, was the most interesting that I have ever attended. Some united by profession and others by letter. Two infants and one adult were baptized. So that all the rites and ceremonies of our churches were brought into exercise. Allow me to bespeak an interest in the prayers of God's people, in our behalf, and in behalf of the new mission to Micronesia.

S. C. D.

Honolulu, Aug. 10, 1852.

Seamen's Chaplaincy at Rio.

When the American Seamen's Friend Society commissioned the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, to preach the gospel, and variously minister to seamen in this port, it was expected that he would soon prepare the way for another man; and now here comes an appeal from an unexpected source—a resident merchant for more laborers.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Aug. 17th., 1852.

The great necessity of having a Chaplain of the American's Seaman's Society stationed here, has been long felt. There are at times not less than fifty American vessels in port, having on board some 4 to 500 sailors, a great many of whom are glad to assemble upon the deck of some of these vessels, and have the everlasting gospel preached to them on the Sabbath, which has a most salutary influence, and preserves them from the temptations with which they are surrounded.

The great importance of this station is hardly known at home; the great field open here for the *faithful* missionary has never attracted towards it the attention it deserves. Since the Rev. Mr. Fletcher arrived here, he has laboured most faithfully, and has exhausted much of his physical strength in his daily rounds of visits to the sick sailors laying in hospitals, and attending to his regular services on the Sabbath. Those interested in the cause should send more laborers into the field to his assistance. "Truly the harvest is great, but laborers are few." Mr. Fletcher has faithfully discharged his duty, and won the respect and love of all who know him. And *more* are wanted *just like him*.

A RESIDENT MERCHANT.**The Ocean.**

The Atlantic ocean covers 25,000,000 square miles; the Antarctic, 30,000,000; the Arctic, 8,400; the Pacific, 50,000,000; the Indian, 17,000,000; the Mediterranean, 1,006,600; the Caspian Sea, 160,000; the Black Sea,

950,000; the Baltic, 175,000. Including all inland bays and seas, the ocean comprises 147,800,000 square miles, about three-fourths of the earth's surface. Taking it at two miles deep, the contents will be nearly 300,000,000 cubic miles.

Singing at Work

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue, whilst he is marching to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculating, its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.

Account of Monies.

From Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th 1852

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. John H. Townly, by First Pres. Church, Morristown N. J.	70 38
Rev. J. D. Worcester, by First Cal. Congl. Soc'y Burlington Vt.	105 70
Rev. Thomas Harries by Congl. Soc'y, Mount Sinai, L. I.	60 12
Rev. Erastus Dickinson, by Congl. Chch and Soc'y, Colchester, Ct.	53 51

Members for Life, by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.

Frances Punderson, Huntington, Ct. by her mother, (in part.)	10 00
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Rev. Paul Duryee, by First Refd. Dutch Church, Van Vorst, N. J.	22 94	" Pres. Church, Liberty Corners, N. J.	23 00
Mrs. Thomas D. Merrill. Concord, N. H. (in part.)	5 00	" Seventh Pres. Church N. Y.	103 00
Theron Fisk, Warsaw, N. Y.	20 00	" Congl. Soc'y Terrysville, Ct.	10 27
John Combrie, by First Congl. Soc'y, Nashua, N. H.	20 00	" Rev. John Sessions, Albany, N. Y.	1 00
Mrs. Eliza P. Combrie, do do	20 00	" Fifteenth Strt, Pres. Church, N. Y. including subscriptions.	107 25
Rev. George T. Todd, by Smithfield, Pres. Church, Amenia, N. Y. (in part.)	10 25	" Congl. Chh, and Soc'y Westford, Vt.	21 00
Pierpont E. Smith, by Union Meeting in Congl. Ch, Shelburne, Vt.	23 64	" Mrs. Susan W. Lind, Guayama, Port Rico, W. I.	20 00
Rev. J. M. Sherwood, by Teachers and Students in Bloomfield Institute, N. J.	20 00	" Female Benev. Soc'y, First Cong. Soc. Detroit, Mich.	10 00
Rev. Jos. Torry, D. D. by the Students in the University of Vt. Burlington, (amt. ack. above.)		" Central Pres. Church, N. Y.	103 65
Deacon Wm. Seaver, by Ashfield, Mis. Soc'y, Mss.	20 00	" Pres. Chch, Jrsey City.	95 00
Deacon Dexter, Rockwood, by do do.	20 00	" Union Meeting in Congl. Ch. Amenia, N. Y.	9 44
Mrs. Lucretia, Burr. Colchester, Ct.	25 00	" Dr. Peck, Burlington, Vt.	3 00
Mrs. Lois A. Dickinson, Colchester, Ct. by Mrs. L. Burr.	25 00	" Theo. A. Peck, do do	1 00
Mrs. Mary N. Collins, by Ladies Bethel Soc'y, Newbury Port, Mss.	20 00	" W. Weston, Esq.	1 00
Miss Mary Moody, do do	20 00	" Mr. Cole, do do	1 00
Henry A. Hawley, by Rev. Dr. Porter's Cong. Farmington, Ct.	30 40	" Craftsbury, Vt.	7 00
Deacon John S. Kelley, by Center Church, Machias, Me.	20 00	" Pres. Church, Bloomfield, N. J.	72 90
Rev. J. Mallory, by Hammond St. Cong. Soc., Bangor, Me.	28 41	" Members of First Congl. Ch. New London, Ct., (in part.)	30 50
<i>Donations.</i>		" Members of Second do do do	39 00
From Meth. Epis. Chch, W. Bloomfield, N. J.	3 22	" Deacon Jas. Patterson, Clinton, Mss.	5 00
" Congl. Ch. and Soc'y, Newbury, Vt.	6 14	" Mrs. Sarah A. Patterson, do do	2 00
" South Congl. Soc'y Hartford, Ct.	78 00	" J. Crane, Athol.	50
" Congl. Soc'y Mount Vernon, N. H.	29 84	" St. Stephens Congl. Ch. N. Brunswick.	18 00
" C. A. Cook Geneva, N. Y.	5 00	" Congl. Soc'y, Calais, Me.	17 00
" Rev. J. Miller, Harrisburgh, Pa.	5 00		
" Congl. Soc'y Lenox, Mss. (balance.)	1 00		
" Walter S. Griffith, N. Y.			
arditration fee, by Cpt. N. Briggs.	15 00		
			\$1,495 06
			<i>Legacies.</i>
		From the estate of the late Benjamin Punchard, of Andover, Mss.	350 00
		From the estate of the late Capt. Ichabod Smith, of W. Haven, Ct.	500 00
		<i>Sailor's Home New York.</i>	
		Ladies Bethel Soc'y, Newbury Port, Mss. (amt. ack. above.)	